Essex County Herald.

HENRY C. BATES, Editor. DEVOTED TO LOCAL, POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS, AND THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY. Terms: $1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. I. GUILDHALL, VERMONT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. NO. 45.

No Letters.

I say at morn "I shall have one to-day;"
I say at night, "I shall have one to-morrow;"
But day and night go creeping slow away,
And leave me with my sorrow.

And is he sick? or is he dead, or changed?
Or, haply, has he learned to love another?
If I could know him careless or estranged,
My pride my love might smother.

Last night, indeed, I dreamed a letter came,
Ah! welcomer than any first May blossom!
And then I heard my mother call my name,
And hid it in my bosom.

And, cheated, woke, and heard the night wind rave,
And hid my wet eyes in my lonely pillow;
And dreamed again, and saw a nameless grave,
Half hidden by a willow!

THE FAT MAN'S DILEMMA.

An English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion some years ago, anterior to the railroad car, to travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in considersation of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good-natured face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peeping into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile: "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother; it's ungraceful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner. And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face—a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a revery, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future. "Will you accomodate me?" he asked; "this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to the earth." And his companions roared with laughter at the "good joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure to the fourth—"Are you also determined that I shall lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a central seat?"

"Ay, do, Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time, the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three-quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. 'Twould be as much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, bid the hostler shut the door, and sat with upraised whip, listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a prolific theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile, the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman; "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of the sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, hostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And, d'ye hear? be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gen'lemen; come on!"

They came, bowed laughing to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee? What contounded joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads; you're entitled to your places. My lord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine; they were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two *proteges* of mine shall occupy them. An English stage-coach is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable for their good conduct; so mind you behave, boys! Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat; pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry your mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty boys," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "Ill give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly eluded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat, and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was!"

A Municipal Gem.

The City of Birmingham, England, suffers from an *embarras des richesses*. A gentleman recently deceased, who seems to have possessed more money than brains, bequeathed a valuable diamond to the corporation, and the members of the Town Council have been puzzling their brains to decide what they should do with the legacy. One of the Aldermen suggested that the gem should be placed in the art gallery, but it was objected that it would not be safe there, and would be altogether "too tempting." The Mayor thought it would probably "be better in a public hall," while one of the Council expressed the hope "that it would not go forth to the town that the Free Libraries Committee were afraid to trust the diamond in the art gallery." After much discussion it was decided that the diamond should be placed on exhibition in the art gallery, but that His Honor the Mayor should have the privilege of wearing it on such occasions as he may desire." The importance of the Brummagem civic functionary will doubtless be much enhanced by his appearance under the shelter of the corporation gem.

A Startling Query.

Gerald Massey, the English poet and lecturer, appeared on a Sunday evening in New York before a large audience, his subject being the words of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday: "If that God so strong why He not kill that devil?" The lecturer stated that in this passage of De Foe's there was more food for thought than in any other he had ever written, and the expectations of the audience were great when he started out in a very intelligent manner. Before going far, according to New York papers, the lecturer plunged into a sea of mythology, Hebraic and Egyptian, from which he did not return even at the end of the lecture, leaving his audience so completely bewildered that nobody had any idea what he was talking about. A city paper says: "Mr. Massey's learning will claim him recognition as a lecturer; but if his other lectures are as mystical as 'Why Does not God Kill the Devil?' very few of his auditors will understand, although they may admire him."

Beecher Among "Bulls" and "Bears."

Mr. Beecher in a Friday lecture related his experience at the Stock Exchange:

"One day (he said) I stood in the Exchange to hear the maniacs 'holler,' and to try to learn, if possible, what their hubbub meant. It seemed that each one stood barefooted on hot iron, and that it hurt so they were forced to dance and yell. I said to the Vice-President or Secretary, who was at my side, 'Do you understand what they say?' 'Perfectly,' said he, 'I can't see how you do,' said I. 'Suppose,' said he, 'there are fifty or sixty mothers at an evening party, all chattering and laughing and having a jolly time. One of them has a baby in an adjoining room. It strikes up a plaintive wail. Do you think that all the sounds in that Babel of noise can drown the voice of that child—can keep the sad notes of that cry from reaching the mother's ear?' 'No,' said I. 'Just so,' continued he. 'In all this din I sort out the different sounds. I catch those that are significant, for interest has made it necessary and training has made it easy.

Thus, he reasoned, men do things that seem impossible, and to carry the analogy higher:

"Our High Priest looking down upon us hears our plaints. He feels for us as we feel for those who are dear to us, and He answers us. I believe that God sometimes smiles at the childishness of our whines, just as I do when my baby tumbles and cries because it thinks it has been hurt. I do not smile because I do not feel, but because I appreciate the ludicrousness of the younster's position. Mirth and affection are a part of devotion."

Death in the Ring.

One of the most amusing performances in a circus ring is entitled the "one horse velocipede." An attache of the show staggers into the ring, clad as simultating a drunken boor. In vain the ringmaster tries to whip him out. He wants his wife. Another performer, in female toggery, responds to his calls for "Hannah Jane," rushes upon the sawdust and embraces him. The crowd, equally divided between the deceived and those who "know a thing or two," all laugh. They laugh as crowds have laughed ever since spangles under and misery beyond the glares of the lurid lights over the sawdust were known. In this dilemma the "one horse velocipede" is summoned by the manager. It is a wheel going upon its hub and dragged by one horse. Upon it the boors (?) are induced to take a seat. The horse is then speeded around the ring, the wheel whirling on its centre so rapidly only experts could keep their places upon it. It is a funny but very dangerous "trick." So George Reibold, a porformer, found it in Cincinnati. He was thrown violently from his place, picked up and carried out. The consternation of the audience was allayed and the performance went on, while Mme. Dockrill, fresh from her great bareback act, leaned over and nursed the poor fellow with womanly care until surgeons came and pronounced the case critical. And while Reibold, with concussion of the brain, lay at the Galt House watched over by his lifelong "partner" as by a brother, and wavering between life and death, the crowd roared over "the one-horse velocipede act" in the distant tent, as if "circus acting" were but child's play.

A Tableau Group in Flames.

A verry narrow escape from a painful death occurred at a tableau exhibition in a public hall in Grand Rapids, Mich. A correspondent of the Detroit *Post* says: "An entertainment given by the Ladies' Literary Society closed with a tableau having twenty-five young ladies and eight little girls on the stage. During a bright light produced by magnesium wire, a blazing substance dropped upon Miss McKee, one of the tableau group, standing near the stage wing. She darted into the centre to separate from the others, her clothes aflame, but accidentally touched a little daughter of Leonard Remington, whose clothes instantly blazed. The large audience was in great consternation, when Col. J. E. Messmore, in the audience, quickly bounded upon the stage and hugged the blazing child between himself and the overcoat which he wore, extinguishing the flames, but burning his hand severely. The clothes dropped from her in blackened shreds when released. Her life was saved by his presence of mind, but one side of her face and body is badly but not dangerously burned. Miss McKee had, in the meantime, been pulled off the stage by men behind the scenes, who stripped off her clothing. She was but little burned. The result was announced, the panic of the audience subsided, and the hall was soon cleared.

Dress Plainly

Some one has given the following reasons why people should dress plainly on Sunday. These reasons are as valid any other day in the week:—

It would lessen the burden of many who now find it hard to maintain their place in society.

It would lessen the force of temptations which often lead men to barter honesty and honor for display.

If there was less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.

Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the remittal of many wandering thoughts.

It would enable all classes of people to attend church in unfavorable weather.

It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity.

It would lesson, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious.

It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.

Sensation Reports.

The daily papers are just beginning to find out what business men knew about the panic, namely, its influence on manufacturing enterprise, and now that the worst part of it is over, they are filling their columns with details of the stoppage of manufacturing, etc. Those who are at all acquainted with the boot and shoe manufacture know that we have now arrived at the usual season for stopping between the fall and spring trade, and if the panic has cut us off from three or four weeks' trade, the full influence of that was discounted three or four weeks ago, and only ill effects can result from an attempt now to revive the general distrust and want of confidence which prevailed toward the latter part of September. We have now, we trust, got beyond the influence of any such efforts, and we are sure that, in the boot and shoe trade, the prospects of a large and profitable business in the near future were never better. Collections are reasonably good, because manufacturers have made up goods only on orders and have not over-supplied the market, so that they have no surplus on hand. The country is, also, notoriously short of goods, which they must and will have as soon as money becomes easier throughout the country, as it is now fast becoming in New York city.

Manufacturers and leather dealers are showing their confidence in this prospect by their preparations for the future, and by the firmness with which both the raw goods and manufactured articles are held, and those who base their action on the newspaper reports so far as to presume that we are going to have a dull, hard winter in the shoe and leather business will, we are confident, find themselves mistaken. We have had no failures of any consequence in the trade, and with the money market daily working easier, the distribution of goods must be accelerated in the future to make up for the deficiencies thus far experienced.—*Shoe and Leather Chronicle.*

The New York City Labor Market.

The New York *World*, in a review of the labor market and the progressive shrinkage of values, says:

The Typographical Union will use its influence to persuade all employers throughout the city not to discharge their operatives, but rather to reduce the wages of all, or put them on short time. This plan, they think, would prevent much suffering which can in no other way be avoided. The same men will advise all their confreres to assist the employers by willingly working a little longer for the old wages or accept a reduction of pay. This is no time, they think, for employers and employed to be at war. The panic is a calamity to all, the rich as well as the poor, and they contend that all ought to help one another to weather it through.

The coopers are the only workingmen on strike at the present time. A large number of that very numerous class have taken exception to the course pursued by the firm of Havemeyer & Elder, aad are trying to make them yield to the demands of the workingmen by uniting on a strike. Thus far the firm have stood their ground, keeping their shop in working order by importing coopers from the country.

About 200 parasol-makers, girls, are at present idle in consequence of a strike. The employers recently reduced the prices from 7 and 11 cents apiece to 5 and 10 cents.

At one book printing company and binding establishment in Williamsburg, the largest in the vicinity of New York, the operatives have been put on nine hours' time. In the various job offices the expenses of running have been cut down to the lowest.

In the Scums.

Eugene Sue, the French novelist, used to visit in portions of Paris. In ragged and dirty apparel, he wended his way city-ward, to localities where even a cleanly mechanic would have attracted unpleasant attention. Into these horrid resorts, the Ratcliffe Highway and Seven Dials of Paris, differing only from their London parallels in that the degraded types of humanity in Paris have a larger share of the demoniac element in their composition, the *ci-devant* dandy found his way, trusting to his plausibility and good nature to keep him out of harm, and to his pre-eminent muscular force to extricate him should he become entangled in a row, or, as the denizens of Ratcliffe Highway would term it, a "tabernacle fight." Here, in some low tavern, he would shake hands, and be hail-fellow-well-met with the scum of humanity, the assassin, the forger, the thief, the chiffonnier, the pseudo-maimed, and the mendicant. Here he would assist at wretched festivities, when bad liquids would mock the miserable beings who partook of them with some maddening imitation of joviality. Here Sue was able at last to see life as it was, without any of the lacquer which had seemed so wearisome in the gilded saloons of fashion.

Sickness and Medicine.

Among the dispatches read at the examination of Phelps, the defaulter, at Albany, was one as follows:

"Charley was very sick all night, but doctors now say he is out of danger."

This, the District-Attorney said, he understood to mean that the examination of the Treasurer's book was called for and there was great danger of an exposure. The District-Attorney also read one signed Harriet Snyder, to Mr. Phelps, calling upon him for a settlement; also one signed Edwards, to Sherwin, saying Charley had had a relapse, could live but a few days, and calling on Sherwin to get medicine and come up to Albany at once. This, the District-Attorney said, he read as meaning that his rascality had been discovered, and it was necessary for Sherwin to come to his relief with the money, which he called medicine.

Making her own Hat.

Mr. Howard Paul, in his entertainment, says "that when a sudden sharp fever of economy attacks a woman, and she determines to make a hat or a bonnet for herself, for a brief period between the formation of the resolution and the consummation of the deed her mind passes through various amusing stages of agitation. First, she gets herself up in her most attractive guise, and proceeds to purchase a 'shape'—as I believe the fragile outline or framework of the future structure is called—then, taking the 'bus home, she drinks in the details of every hat that enters, and learns them all by heart, and does mental sums over the cost of the ribbon, and makes up her mind to have flowers in hers like those worn by the woman in the corner, and lace like that gaudy-looking creature in the middle. The next day she walks down the street, and studies all the hats that come along; and, when a woman passes her with one on, she twists her neck round to see how it looks behind, and is disgusted to see that the woman is also dislocating her neck to see how she trims her hat. When she arrives in front of a milliner's, she lingers until she has analyzed all the hats in the window, and she determines to trim hers nineteen different ways, and decides not to have flowers like the woman who sat in the corner. Then she shoots into the shop, and asks to 'see hats' with the air of a person who wishes to invest a small fortune in head-gear. She examines every hat in the establishment, overhauls ten bushels of flowers, gets about fifteen shillings' worth of work out of the saleswoman, and then says she will 'look farther.' Then she gets home with her mind fixed on thirty-eight or nine different styles in which she wants to trim her hat. After a while she begins to think she ought to have a feather in it, and she passes two or three sleepless nights trying to decide whether to put one in or not. At last she resolves she will. Then she lies awake for two more nights endeavoring to determine whether it shall be red or blue. She settles on blue. She buys the trimming, and sews it on in twenty successive positions, her mind filled with deepest anxiety as to whether the feather should go on the right side, the left side, or on top. She puts it on the right side; but just then Mrs. De Boots passes the window with a feather on the left side of hers, and so she changes it the next morning. Mrs. Fitzbrown calls, and her feather is on the right side, and then another change is made. At church next day Mrs. Smith has feathers on both sides, and Mrs. Johnson has one on the top. Then more sleepless nights and painful uncertainty. At last, in utter despair, she takes the hat to a milliner, and pays thirty shillings to have it trimmed. When it comes home she pronounces it 'hateful,' and picks it all to pieces, and broods over it, and worries and frets and loses her appetite, and feels life to be a burden for two weeks longer, until suddenly she has just the right thing, and becomes once more serene and happy, and puts the hat on and goes out and makes millions of other women miserable because their hats are not trimmed exactly like hers. As a wife, woman is a blessing; as a mother, naught can compare with her; as an organizer of new hats, she is simply an object of amusement or—compassion."

Vespers.

To the traveler in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen, without stirring, until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an enchanter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles oddly lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights," whose inhabitants were turned into stone. The magician here is the bell-ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, question seeks answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle, and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many, and sometimes striking.

Wetting Coal.

People who prefer wetting the winter's store of coal to lay the dust on putting it into their cellers, do not generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. Even the fire-damp, says an exchange, which escapes from the coal mines, arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures of but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly broken coal and putting it into a cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree that carbureted and sulphuretted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to mischievous results under such circumstances may be appreciated from the fact that there are several instances on record of spontaneous combustion of coal when stowed into the bunkers on holds of vessels. And from this cause, doubtless, many missing coal vessels have perished.

A shool-examiner lately gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip thus marked: "Incorrect; the lamp-post is omitted."

Piano Playing by Machinery.

Human ingenuity has perfected a machine that makes it possible for any one with capacity enough to turn a grindstone to perform the most difficult written music for the piano. The machine in not a myth, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*. We saw it only yesterday. It has just been imported from Paris, and was attached to the piano only the day before. It played selections from "Barber of Seville," "Faust," "Taunhauser," and other operas. Indeed, its capacity is unlimited. It can play on sight any piece of music, and its playing cannot be distinguished from that of a living player. It is capable also of playing on the organ, or any instrument having keys similar to those on the piano. Another instrument of the same kind, the only one in the city, has already taken the place of an organist at one of our churches.

The machine is a marvel of complication. It occupies a position in front of the key-board of the piano, and extends from above the key-board to the floor. Directly over the keys of the piano are keys corresponding to the piano keys. These are the fingers of the machine. They are as many as the keys, and thus the machine has an advantage over the human player. How these fingers are made to work is the problem, which we can only faintly indicate in this description.

The top of the machine is about one foot in width. It has in the centre two rollers, which are moved by a crank. These carry the music through, and as it passes the piano plays it. The music is on paper, but it is not written. The notes are made by cutting square holes through the paper. As these holes pass a certain point they allow a hammer to pass through, and the stroke of that hammer is communicated to its own key in the piano. Each key has its hammer. It only requires that these holes be cut at proper intervals to strike any number of keys in any given series.

The machine has a pedal arrangement which connects with the piano and enables the player to have the effects produced by an ordinary player. It also has an arrangement to change the force of the touch.

It is a French instrument, and has been known but a short time. The manufacturer has orders beyond his capacity to fill. The two machines in this city will doubtless attract much attention.

All-Halloween.

The night of November 1st was All-Halloween, an anniversary hallowed by memories of joyful feastings and innocent revelries. The origin of this festival is unknown, but it undoubtedly was instituted in the period of paganism. Some historians, however, have been content to derive its observance from the Church festival of All Saints, which occurred on the 1st of November. The ideas that were associated in the past with All-Halloween have continued to meet the sentiment of its observance even to the present day. Virgins have looked upon it as a time for divination, and many are the methods they have used, and yet employ, to evolve man from obscurity and nothingness. Old housewives of the Celtic stock recite to youthful feminine auditors how maidens have had their spells to work harm to them, instead of being a means to satisfy their curiosity in regard to their matrimonial fates. Yet afterward the traditional practices will be followed. Jenny ate her apple at the glass, hopeful to view over her shoulder the face of the coming spouse; and, from the queer formations of melted lead dropped into water, Jennie, Maggie, and the rest of the girls augured the pursuits of their future husbands. Afterward the bevy of females flocked out, each with her mouth filled with water, and one of her hands filled with salt, to run around a square. Then when a man is seen, there was a general sputtering screech, a mutual clutching of dresses for support, and finally the retreat of the party in noisy mirth, the man who caused the commotion being left to wonder at it. These are the closing observances of the evening, meet only for maturing maidens. Before them the children "ducked for apples," and burned their noses and greased their faces at "snap apple;" and lovers augured much about the steadiness of "burning passion" from the action of fire upon nuts. Altogether, the festive observances of All-Halloween are harmless and pleasing, and partly of that same poetic kind that lend a mystery to St. Agnes' Eve, when (as Keat's muse tells us)

Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive,
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright.

A Suffering Actor.

At an English theatre, the other evening, an actor playing King Henry V. struggled bravely half through the play with evidently severe indisposition. At last the poor fellow gave up the battle, and, white as death and almost breathless, came to the front of the stage, and in a nearly inaudible whisper said that he "felt as if his last hour had come." He "had struggled for three weeks, and suffered God only knew what, in his endeavor to keep that engagement. He had come on the stage that night, knowing that it was at the risk of his life. He was no craven, but he was now entirely defeated, and could not proceed. He asked for their sympathy as Christian men." And he had it, for, as he was carried fainting from the stage, his audience gave him the hearty evidence of their sincere alarm and interest.

Frozen to Death.—It is early in the season to find items like the following in the papers: Advices from Kidder, forty miles east of St. Louis, on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, state that two strange men were found frozen to death on the prairie near that town, a few nights ago. They had been in Kidder during the day, and appeared to be intoxicated.

Items of Interest.

It is said that John B. Gough has lectured in Boston 369 times.

The Mississippi Legislative Assembly has issued a bill postponing the general election until next year.

Burgess and his wife, who were on trial for inhuman treatment of Caroline Louise Dunning, aged six years, at New Orleans, were found guilty, the penalty for their crime being imprisonment for life.

Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, is reported in very feeble health, causing serious uneasiness to the great bulk of his people, whose interests are dependent upon the prolongation of his life.

"My dear," said the sentimental Mrs. Waddler, "home, you know, is the dearest place on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical Mr. Waddler, "it costs me about twice as much as any other spot."

Worcester, Mass., raised a subscription two years ago, which was intended for Chicago, but not needed by that city, and again rejected by Boston last year, and the committee now propose to offer it to Memphis.

Of the five or six hundred depositors in the banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co. all excepting about thirty have signed the plan of agreement, namely, to place the settlement in the hands of ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue Rollins.

Don't visit Boston to get work. The Superintendent of the Employment Department of the Young Men's Christian Association there says that there are now "1,500 mechanics—nearly all well skilled in their trades—who are wandering about Boston streets in the vain search for something to do."

A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. "What!" said a sneering bachelor, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" The only reply was: "Friend, when thee be married, thee 'll know."

The most careful estimates for the present year do not place the grape yield of California much above 3,000,000 gallons. Two reasons are assigned for this shrinkage: First—The frosts, which were the most severe that had occurred in the State for many years, and which came late in the spring, just at the transition from blossom to fruit. Second—The excessively hot weather of the summer months, which thickened the pulp of most of the wine grapes, making them "fleshy," so that while the quality has really been improved the prices have been diminished.

A Farmer's Complaint.

Col. Cochrane, a Grange officer, says to a reporter that the cost of farming has been greatly increased by the building of railroads, or at least since their introduction. Before the war he could hire men who were capable of conducting his farm, without his supervision, for less money than he now has to pay for hands who hardly know enough to hitch up a team and go into the field to work unless somebody tells them how to do it. The only hands he can now hire are Germans, and they do only about half as much work as the Americans he used to get. The same is true of work in the houses; no matter how able and willing the farmer may be to hire servants, his wife must be a drudge.

It is almost impossible to find, he said, a girl who knows enough to cook a meal, and who will hire out to do housework. The servants are the most inferior kind, and even they can't be depended on to stay at the very time they are most wanted. If you make a contract with them in the spring for the season, and agree to pay them $2 a week and board, when the hot weather comes they begin to grumble, and when the harvest begins they "can't stand the work any longer," and the next thing you hear they are binding in the harvest field for a dollar a day, while the farmer's wife is left alone with from a dozen to 25 harvesters to provide for. These hardships the Colonel attributed largely to the railroads—they paid unskilled laborers better wages than the farmers could afford to, and they opened up new country for homesteads for the better class of men who formerly worked out by the month.

Going West.

All who go West do not find the happy home expected. One man who was doing well in the East relates his experience as follows:

I thought I could do better, so I sold out, pocketed my money and started for the West. When I arrived there things were not as I expected to find 'em. But I wish to say to all your readers who have had a similar experience, and are homesick, don't come back after the manner of one poor fool I know of. I tell you the railroad companies got over $200 for carting me and mine out and back. Now don't be a lunatic, as I was, but "stick." I came back to please wife's relations, but when I had been back three weeks they wanted to know what I came back for; now then I can go here and there to get a day's work and get my pay—well, some time.

People who go West with no definite idea of where they are going and what they expect to do when they get there, will in nine cases out of ten be badly disappointed.

Carlist Decorations.—Don Carlos, of Spain, is described by a writer who saw him recently as wearing a white flat hat, like a Scotch cap, called a boina, and on his breast three orders, or rather two, for the third is the *sacre cœur* and is worn by all his soldiers. The others others were the Golden Fleece and Carlos III. His soldiers wear over their hearts an oval piece of flannel with an embroidered heart, with a chain around it and the words "Do not harm me, for the heart of Jesus is with me." This they consider a charm against the bullets.